

The Bethel Courier.

FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 16, 1860

Village Characters—No. 1.

BY TIMOTHY TWITWELL.

The Loser.

One of the institutions in a village is the Loser. He looks much the same everywhere, as if they were all born from the same parents. His hair is never combed. Still, he always contrives to be tolerably well shaved, for if he does not shave himself, somebody else will do it for him. His eye has an inexpressive, and usually, a hungry look. His cheeks appear heavy, and his under lip drops. His dress is after no particular fashion; and yet they always, in this respect, appear everywhere much the same. His coat and pants never seem to wear out, while their color always has a faded aspect as if from age. He may be recognized in the store, by his leaning on one side against the counter for support, as he is not fed well enough to stand erect, and then changing to the other side. He has no credit, and yet he lives along somehow. He takes an interest in the news of the day, and tells stories till he is faint for want of food. He never complains of his own lot, but seems to pass along through life quite untroubled, as if his greatest pleasure consisted in loafing.

NEW PAPER. D. Forbes, Esq., has started a New Daily evening paper to be called the Portland Daily Evening Republican. It makes a neat appearance, and will have, no doubt, a good circulation, as it will be able to give the latest news up to the moment of publication.

We should have said in our Chapter of History, that Dr. T. Carter was one of the persons who first signed the temperance pledge in this town in 1828. Few physicians did this thing at so early a period in the history of the temperance reform.

At a meeting of the Narragansett Farmer's Club, last week, Mr. Taylor presented to the Cabinet of the Farmers Club a pocket knife found by himself in an Indian's grave at Old Point, about 2 feet below the surface, in connection with some lead shot and several beads and bones of an Indian.

FIRE IN ALBANY. The dwelling house and barn of Mr. Justice Aspinwall was burned on Sunday night last with all his provisions, nearly all his household furniture and wearing apparel, three or four tons of hay, farming tools, harness and a valuable horse. Mr. A. received a bad wound in trying to save his horse. His family were obliged to flee to the neighbors in their night-dresses with out even stockings to shield them from the snow. It is not known how the accident occurred. His policy of Insurance of \$800, had just expired. His loss is from \$12 to \$1500. He has been a citizen of this town for 10 years and has shown himself a generous hearted man, and is deserving the sympathy and aid of the public, and no doubt will receive it.

HEAVY ROBBERY. On Saturday, Mr. C. B. Welch of Parsonsfield, Me., while on his way to New York to purchase a cargo of flour, was robbed between Springfield and Hartford, of a package containing \$14,000. Eight thousand dollars were in bills, of the Southerworth Bank, and the remainder in bills of the Portland, Biddeford and Saco banks.

E. P. Weston, Esq. of Gorham, has been confirmed as State Superintendent of Common Schools, and will immediately enter upon the duties of his office.

The Eastern Farmer is a paper just started at Ellsworth, by Watson & Meor, publishers and proprietors. From our acquaintance with Mr. Watson, we doubt not that it will make a good paper.

AN AGED VETERAN. Isaac Abbott is still living in Fryeburg, at the age of 93 years. He is the last survivor of the company that came to Bethel in pursuit of the Indians when Segar was carried off by them in 1781. He remembers all the incidents of that day with perfect distinctness. He held the plow last summer, and bood his potatoes.

Our readers will find a large amount of original and interesting matter on the outside. Our thanks are due to valuable correspondents.

Bro. Lanson having retired from the Bridgton Reporter, it is hereafter to be edited by Enoch Knight, Esq., who, we doubt not, will make it alive all over. Success to the Reporter.

Has Bro. Pugin of the Democrat received any special attention from the ladies the present year? He has either been more than usually favored, or else entirely overlooked, and has become a little envious of others. How is it?

TEMPERANCE LECTURE. Dr. Colby, agent of the State Temperance Society, gave a lecture on temperance at the vestry, Tuesday evening, to a large audience, though called together at short notice. The Doctor is an excellent lecturer, and his arguments were of the most convincing character; forcible, yet not rash; pointed, yet not any more radical than the case demands. We trust that every good citizen will lend their influence to save our young men from the severe temptations to which they are exposed at the present time.

CANDID! Bro. True, of the Bethel Courier, has been candid recently—by a jeweller—for what cause is not stated. He, not the jeweller, expresses thanks for the same and thinks it very handsome! Oh, my! what a taste! *Hillswell Gazette.*

A backhanded compliment. Does Bro. Rowell ever imbibe anything stronger than water? We would say to our friends who may be in want of Hard Ware, Tin Ware, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., that Mr. Harris has a full stock of Goods, and is selling Cheap. They will find Charlie attentive to their wants, and always ready to wait on customers.

THE REPORT of the Investigation Committee on the Peck Defalcation has been published. It is a very lengthy document. Mr. Peck's defalcation amounts to \$31,023. Part of this amount has been spent in Canadian speculations, and part in "expenses." His expenses in 1857 were his salary, amounted to \$1,200. For 1858, it amounts to \$6,055. For 1859, to \$16,890!

THE U. B. Society made choice of the following officers for the Term, on Wednesday, March 1. President—W. H. Hammons, Bethel.

Vice Pres.—L. D. Bean, Gilead. Secretary—B. Kimball, Bridgton. Treasurer—Henry Brown, Augusta.

Editors—Fannie Bartlett, Lucinda F. Twitwell. Com. on Resolutions.—L. D. Bean, B. Kimball, J. L. Bennett. Monitor—H. C. Barker.

The public meetings of the society are held on Wednesday evenings of each week.

THE PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT.—Mr. E. P. Weston has sold out his interest in the Transcript to Mr. Charles Pickard. It is now edited by Mr. Elwell who is second to no one in making a good literary paper. We know of no paper in the country so well fitted for the family circle as the Transcript. Subscription received at this office at \$20 a year for the Transcript and Courier.

Our readers will not fail to read the articles on the first page.

We understand that Miss H. A. Twitwell will commence a Private School at the school house in this village, on Monday next. Terms—10 cts. per week.

NOTICE.—The subscribers to the stock, and all others interested in the erection of a Meeting House for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church to be located in the vicinity of Bethel Hall, are requested to meet at the store of Abner Davis, Esq., on Saturday, next, (17th) at 1 o'clock, P. M., to take the subject into consideration, and, if thought proper, to organize, to choose all necessary officers, committees, &c. A liberal subscription has already been commenced, and the prospect is very flattering that a house will be built the present season.

Mr. Herriman of Lewiston, proposes to open a writing school on Monday Evening next, at the Academy. He is a superior penman, and an experienced teacher. It is an excellent opportunity for all who wish to improve their hand writing. He is the author of the system which he practices, and makes use, also, of Herriman's Circular pointed Pen. Call at the Bethel House and examine specimens.

We are in hopes that Bros. Drew and Elwell will get a Township of land in Aroostook.

It will be seen by his advertisement, that Mr. G. D. Blake, of the for sale his dwelling house in this village. It is one of the pleasantest localities in the village, and we doubt not will be sold at a bargain.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.—We have received the first part of an American reprint of this celebrated work, embracing the first eighteen chapters of Genesis. The distinguishing feature of this edition of the Scriptures will be found in its numerous beautiful illustrations, of which there are no less than thirty-two in the number before us. These are all original, and represent incidents, places, oriental costumes, objects of natural history, domestic utensils, &c. A commentary a companion to the text, which will also be a valuable feature of the work. It will be complete in forty-eight parts, at 15 cents each, or the whole work will be furnished for \$3. Address the publishers, Cassell, Peter & Galpin, 37 Park Row, New York; but the work can be had of all booksellers and agents. We shall speak further of the work, as we receive the succeeding numbers.

Reuben Trowoggy has petitioned the legislature to change his name. Why not be patient and grow out of it himself, as the Pollock family do? He would become Mr. Trowfoggy in half the time it would take the legislature to clip him.

He didn't spring from our family.

ADVANCED STATE OF REFINER. The Japanese use nose papers instead of handkerchiefs—use them and then throw them away!

A daughter of Capt. Henry Smith, of Vinohaven, Me., was instantly killed last Saturday evening, by the discharge of a pistol in the hands of a young man named Henry Berwin, of Rockland. Berwin was a soldier, and was staying over night at the house of Capt. Smith. During the evening Berwin and the children were amusing themselves by snapping an unloaded pistol, passing it from one to another in turn. During this play, the boy who had brought the pistol went to a trunk and brought another, which he handed to Berwin with the remark that it was a better one. Berwin took it, supposing it unloaded, and snapped it at Miss Smith, when it was discharged, causing her instant death. The young lady threw up her arms on receiving the shot, and died instantly, without speaking a word. She was about eighteen years of age. No blame attaches to young Berwin, except for that carelessness in handling fire arms which is so frequent, and against which this most lamentable occurrence affords another solemn warning.

The united ages of a recently married couple in Dartmouth are 163 years—two old people, with out friends or relatives probably.

At Dayton, Ohio, recently, a marriage was celebrated in the morning, and in the evening of the same day the bridegroom died. But a few hours intervened between the bridal and the funeral.

The amount of actual damage done by the Danville, (Ky.) fire, upon a careful estimate, is about \$275,000. Upon this there is insurance to the amount of \$70,000, leaving the net actual loss to the community of \$205,000. The population of the town is about 3000.

A jury in Texas lately acquitted a man on the charge of horse-stealing, although the crime was clearly proven against him, simply because he stole the horse to elope with his sweetheart who was present in Court during the trial, and waiting to marry him if acquitted.

The Russian government has ordered a steam fire engine from this country for use at St. Petersburg.

The Legislature of Wisconsin has under consideration a bill which virtually abolishes all laws for the collection of debts. It was ordered to a third reading in the Assembly, and then sent to a special committee to be perfected.

On Saturday, George Wakefield of Webster, Mass., was found dead near his own house. He had been missing for several days, and died from the effects of intemperance.

The Worcester Spy reports that Levi Goodrich, a lad of fifteen years, while blasting logs in New England Village on Saturday, was thrown senseless by an unexpected explosion. When taken up he was apparently lifeless. It is thought he will recover.

YOUTHFUL INGENUITY. A friend informs us that he saw yesterday in Monrovia, a unique fire engine, the fruit of the inventive genius of some of the boys of that world. With a tub made of rough plank, cylindrical bored log, and the nozzle of a blacksmith's bellows for a pipe, the "merchandise" was in "full tide of successful experiment," throwing a stream more than thirty feet into the air. Crockett must look to his heels.

FROM WASHINGTON. Washington, March 12. There will be four thousand troops upon the Mexican frontier before June. Only one regiment remains in Utah. Disturbances are feared in Utah as soon as the army leaves there.

An interview was had to-day between the Minister from Honduras and the Secretary of State, and the negotiations, which were broken off some two years since, are likely to be renewed between the two countries.

MELANCHOLY DEATH. Dr. William CARROLL, for many years a resident and prominent citizen of this village, was found dead in his store on Tuesday afternoon last at about 2 1/2 o'clock. He was 56 years of age.

NEW YORK PAPERS. Some of the daily papers of the Empire City have an immense circulation. The Herald claims to be the highest at 72,000 copies; the Sun claims as much, and receives the Post Office advertising. No other is put at above one-third that circulation. The weeklies are given thus: Ledger 400,000, Mercury 250,000, Weekly 180,000, Tribune 120,000, Harper's Weekly 90,000, Day Book 41,000, Frank Leslie's 40,000, Herald 16,000.

The Relief Fund at Lawrence for the sufferers by the Pemberton Mills amounts to forty-five thousand dollars. The number of persons made orphans by the calamity were fifteen.

William Carruthers was a native of Scotland.—His grandfather and father having been ministers of the Gospel in his native town. The former had at one time as pupils, two boys, who afterwards became famous the world over.—Thomas Carlyle and Edward Irving. His elder brother, John J. Carruthers D. D., is a minister at Portland, Me. *Haverhill Village.*

The spirit of King Philip of Mount Hope still lives in the hearts of the Indian braves of the Western plains. Capt. Ewell, who is stationed in New Mexico, recently attempted to surprise and capture a band of Apaches with his command, but they foiled all his efforts, and their chieftain made him a defiant speech, in the course of which he said:

"We sat by your fires in friendship, and ate of your bread; and now you come to kill us, our wives and our children. But you never can do it. Our mountain fastnesses are impregnable. You must no longer expect us to be friendly. We have visited you in your houses, and have counted your cattle and your people. We are too smart to be caught. We do not want to be friends. You stay our people; but forget that we are brave, and will have our revenge. You go out in pairs, and by threes and fours, and we will mow you down. The Indians will drive the pale faces from the land of his fathers, and once more erect his cabin in the fertile valley, amid the ruins of your habitations. We will not bury the hatchet again."

MURDER ON THE HIGH SEAS. Intelligence was recently received that Edward B. Mallet of Warren, Me., master of ship John Cottle, had murdered John H. Perry, his first mate, while on the Pacific coast. Capt. Mallet arrived a prisoner at New York yesterday, and the Commercial Advertiser gives the annexed particulars of the sad affair:

"The ship John Cottle sailed from this port on the 27th of August, 1859, with mail for the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. On the afternoon of the 26th of February there was an altercation between Capt. Mallet and the first officer, Mr. Perry, which put the captain in a state of excitement, amounting, in the opinion of those on deck at the time, to a frenzy.

The mate went below to the cabin, but came up again and went towards the Captain, who was standing near the mainmast, when the latter suddenly drew a pistol and fired four times at the mate, each ball taking effect, and lodged in the throat near the brain, one entered his side, a third lodged in his ribs, and a fourth went through his wrist, breaking his arm. Of these wounds, the unfortunate mate died in a few hours.

The Captain then, meeting the second mate, said to him—'There, Mr. Ryan, I have put four bullets in him, but I had to do it.' The Captain subsequently called the men out, and he had shot the mate in self-defense, and hoped the crew would stand by him. The crew said they would if he consented to do so, and the other persons on board concerning this captain were vexed, put him in a frown.

The vessel arrived at the port of Acapulco two days after this unfortunate occurrence, and the captain was put into the custody of the American Consul, who sent him home via Panama for trial. He arrived this morning by the steamer Atlantic, together with two witnesses.

The prisoner is a good looking man about thirty years of age, but has a somewhat wild look in his eyes. His friends have been telegraphed for."

REVIVAL OF BUSINESS IN LAWRENCE. The material prosperity of Lawrence, which received such a severe blow by the late calamity, is beginning to wear an encouraging aspect, and the revival of business is already very marked. The work of rebuilding the Pemberton Mill has been commenced by a gang of about seventy men, and will be pushed forward with the utmost despatch, consistent with stability and strength. Although the site of the mill was purchased by Mr. Nevins, we understand that a very gentleman, including Mr. Blackman of Boston, and Farnham of Philadelphia, are associated with him in the enterprise. The valuable services of Mr. Chase, the former agent, have been secured by the new company.

A rumor is current that Mr. Howe, one of the late owners of the Pemberton, is about to purchase, in connection with Mr. John A. Lovell, a mill site between the Washington and Atlantic Mills, upon which they will erect a first class factory. From the best information we can obtain, however, we are led to believe that the rumor is groundless.

The Everett Mills, formerly the Lawrence Machine Shop, are undergoing repairs, and the machinery is being set up. They will soon go into operation.—*Bozon Journal*, 10th.

Harrietta Wondel, a pious girl of Danvers, who married the Duke of Devonshire has been snatched with the title of Baroness Wallworth.

FOREIGN NEWS.



PORTLAND, March 13. The Canadian screw steamship North American, from Liverpool, arrived at 23d ult., touching at Queenstown next day, arrived at this port at half past five this afternoon.

The statement that Capt. Smith, formerly of the steamship Indian, was first officer of the Hungarian at the time of her loss is unfounded, he being on board the North Briton. William Hardy was first officer of the Hungarian.

The North American brings no list of the Hungarian's passengers. The total loss of the American ship Luna near Cherbourg, is fully confirmed. Only two out of the one hundred and seven persons on board reached the shore alive, and one of these died almost immediately afterwards. The survivor is an Italian named Clement.

Another furious gale had visited the English Coast. The force of the wind at Liverpool was for a short time greater than has been known for years. Several vessels lying in the Mersey dragged their anchors, but no serious damage was sustained. The ship Robert Mills, from Liverpool for Galveston, was totally wrecked near Holyhead. No lives lost. The cargo would be saved.

The ship New Empire, from Mobile for Clyde, ran into Troon Bay on the 27th, for shelter, and had to cut away all her masts. The Gloucesters, from Liverpool for New Orleans, put back.

STATE OF MAINE.

BY THE GOVERNOR:

PROCLAMATION.

FOR A DAY OF

Public Humiliation, Fasting and Prayer.

With the advice of the Executive Council, I hereby designate the fifth day of April next, as a day of public Humiliation, Fasting and Prayer.

The commemoration of a day of humiliation is a religious observance, which rational and dependent beings may offer the relations of grateful hearts to the Universal God and Father for his unceasing presence, aid and providence, springs from the obvious relation of man to his Creator and Preserver; and Social Worship, in the congregation, with one heart and one voice, from a common brotherhood, duties and sympathies.

Followed by a time honored usage, set the day, by universal adoption, by a season, the ordinary avocations of life suspended, when the thoughts shall be turned to the designs of being as a sacred trust; when everywhere, throughout our borders, dependent and penitent man shall offer his tribute of adoration to his Maker and Benefactor, and asking favor, be pervaded by that Charity which inclines him to his fellow men to do him good; and moreover to offer supplications to that Providence, the dependence of all, for the continuance of health, of domestic happiness and social tranquility, and for preservation from all calamities, and to beseech him to inspire, with wisdom and a high sense of the public good, our National Councils; to strengthen the bonds of affection between all the people and impress them with a solemn regard for the National faith and honor; and especially that he will countenance the counsels of the enemies of the Union of these States and increase the numbers and zeal of the friends of Liberty; and I vouchsafe to all mankind the precious boon of civil and religious rights and privileges, and the knowledge and the hopes of Christianity.

Given at the Council Chamber, at Augusta, this seventh day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-fourth.

LOT M. MORRILL.

By the Governor:

NOAH SMITH, Sec. of State.

Seventeen hundred tax payers and fifteen hundred women of Lowell, have petitioned the mayor, and aldermen for the impartial enforcement of the laws, including the law against liquor selling.

Undoubtedly the oldest man in the world, says the New Orleans Crescent, is Capt. Vieux, of Bignon. He was born on the 9th of November, 1703, entered the army in 1760, at the advanced age of 121 years, and remained in the service until, when he was put upon the pension list.

The Bethel Courier.

MAILS.
Mails close as follows:
To Portland, 10 A. M.
To Island Pond, 4 P. M.

ARRIVAL & DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.
Morning train leaves Bethel for Portland at 10 1/2 A. M. Returning—arrives from Portland at 4 1/2 P. M.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.
Every Sabbath at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 1 1/2 P. M., in the following churches:—
Bethel Congl., Rev. Mr. Wenzelwever.
Second " " Rev. Mr. GARDNER.
Universalist, " " Rev. Mr. GAINES.

SERVICES FOR PRAYERS.
Every day evenings at 5 1/2 o'clock, at the vestry hall in Class, Tuesday evenings. Prayer Meeting—see Saturday evenings.

LYCENEA.—In Crutchen county, Arkansas, not far from Marion, an eight or ten miles from Memphis, lived a man named Robinson, and his wife. On Tuesday night, February 24th, no one being in the dwelling but Robinson and his wife, just as he was retiring for the night, a shot fired by some person outside, came crashing through the window. The shot was well aimed, and the unfortunate man fell before his wife a corpse. Strong excitement rose in the neighborhood, and Robinson being a favorite with his neighbors, a determination was expressed that a man should be done for a man. The discovery of suspicious conduct on the part of the wife of the murdered man, so dark and damning were the indications of her guilt, that she was arrested and placed in jail, on Friday, the 24th. The wretched woman, overcome with horror and fear sought to save herself by denouncing others, and made a full confession.

She stated that she had formed an intimacy with another, and wished to marry him, and for \$100 she hired his brother to do the deed of death by which she might be set free from her husband. He performed his fatal duty skilfully too well. On Wednesday, the two men implicated were arrested and placed in custody; and the man who was to marry the widow confessed to paying his brother \$100 for shooting Robinson. The exacting people dragged the criminals from the jail to the woods, and there hung them up until they were dead. It was to be long, as the populace were determined that all who were connected with the assassination of Robinson should end under the earth no longer.

GOOD SUNDAY.—If the Legislature desired to assist in abating what has become a frequent nuisance, and, finally, it will give the public a little less punishing with fine and imprisonment all persons convicted of sending fraudulent notices of births, marriages and deaths to the press. This, of course, is one of modern development—is becoming frequent and successful, despite the utmost exertion of editors—and should be put among other pestiferous crimes against decency and morality, and made really and severely punishable.—*Springfield Republican.*

HOW FOUR SEWING GIRLS GOT THEIR FURS. William Gordon, of 180 West Thirty-sixth street, is a coat maker, and works for Tweed & Co., in Duane street. Yesterday Mr. Gordon received \$2 for work from Mr. King, the book-keeper. As he was putting the money in his pocket, much to his discomfort four sewing girls appeared and demanded their wages. Several persons were present in the store as the spectators of the scene, sympathizing with the girls, held his arms, while Mr. King took his money, paid the debts to the uttermost farthing, amounting in all to \$36.00, and gave him back the balance.

Mr. Gordon has prosecuted Mr. King for high way robbery before Justice Quackenbush. He admits that he owed the sewing women the amount claimed by them.—*N. Y. Post*, 9th.

Great Fire at Mobile.—Loss \$275,000. Mobile, March 13. The Mobile Threave, the Union Cotton Press, with 200 bales of cotton, and several adjoining buildings, were destroyed by fire this morning. Loss estimated at \$275,000.

On the morning of the 8th inst., a fire was discovered in the large barn of Mr. John Cole at Turner Village, which was very soon entirely consumed—destroying three valuable cows, one horse, eight tons of hay, and an entire stock of farming tools. The flame was communicated to the store and out building, connected with the Congregational Parsonage, occupied by Rev. Mr. Barker, who were also consumed. Mr. Barker lost his box and grain and other articles. Mr. Cole had a full insurance on his barn. The fire is believed to be the work of an incendiary.—*Portland Advertiser.*

Letter No. III.

DEAR NERVEN:—You must reverence the name of God. Very excellent is the principle of reverence for objects worthy of high esteem. It is not merely an ornamental element of human character, but it is an essential element: one of its constituent parts, which cannot be taken away without producing deformity. It is not as an architect to a building, but it is as a pillar, which gives solidity and strength to the edifice. It is not as a fine garment merely, which you may assume in the morning and lay aside at night. But it is as a limb of the body, an arm, or hand, or foot. We speak of the child's reverence for the name of its parents. We make the subject a theme of common table-talk and of public discourse. An enlightened community sits in judgment upon it. A child for instance always speaks of its parents very reverently. In its intercourse with young comrades and fellow citizens, it makes use of their name in very dignified and refined terms. With great simplicity and becoming modesty, it will say, "My father does this or that, my father says thus and so." Its looks and its words exhibit evidence, that it has great respect for its parents. This particular element of its character is highly approved by the great mass of men. They applaud it for this principle of true greatness. And this applause is not that empty approbation, which is sometimes rendered to an actor or singer, but it is the real approval of their heart. On the other hand, a child speaks disrespectfully of its parents. In making use of their name it employs ugly terms, which are very repulsive to the sense of propriety. "The old man did that," "The old man said so." The united voice of a civilized people is against it. In their view it might well be considered a wild native of the Arabian Desert. Where the doctrine of moral obligation is not acknowledged. It exhibits a great lack of one of the essential elements of manhood. There is a serious defect in its character, which cannot but be seen and felt by all admirers of correct principles. We likewise speak of man's reverence for the name of God. The finite reverences the Infinite. The absolutely dependent honors the absolutely Independent. He reveres his name in bright sunshine and amid dark clouds, in calm and in tempest, where the world smiles and where it frowns. His incidental allusions to the Deity are made in very beautiful language under every circumstance of life, however trying it may be, either to his feelings or his own personal interests. This reverence for the name of God is founded on moral obligation. There is duty in it, which is both very binding and very sacred. What less than this hallowed exhibition of honor can be rendered to Him who is the Infinite Creator, and the Glorious Sovereign of the Universe, who made all intelligent and moral beings and endowed them with a wonderful capacity for happiness, who continues them in existence and freely administers to all their necessities of life, who is infinitely gracious and merciful and long-suffering. They all see the sublime fitness of this principle of reverence for the name of God. The sense of moral obligation is immutably fixed in their being. In no wise can they obliterate it by all they may either say or do. They may wrong it, but they cannot subdue it. Their desires may greatly conflict with this vivid sense of moral obligation to revere the name of their Maker. The contest within may be severe. It may resemble a pitched battle of two terrible forces. Yet they clearly know where is the right and where is the wrong. Conscious are they that they should yield up self a willing sacrifice to this unconquerable sense of moral obligation. Men need not some angel of light and love, to instruct them about the duty of honoring the name of the Most High God, in whose power is their very breath. They want no new light from the un-

seen world, where dwell arch-angels and seraphims, to illumine their mind upon this great duty. They are witnesses to themselves, that they ought ever to speak of their Creator in terms which exhibit profound awe. You will not find a person of intelligence, but what will acknowledge that it is principle of reverence for the name of the Deity, is a true doctrine. Yes, an infinitely righteous doctrine, which ought to be heartily embraced, and lived out amid all the events of life. What, therefore, is the effect of violating this high principle? What is the effect upon the individual himself? It detracts from his manhood. Reverence for the name of God is condemned by the great mass of men. Though it may not be condemned in their words, it is condemned by their feelings and thoughts. It is said, that General Washington at a certain time invited some of his staff officers to dine with him. While at the table one of his guests used the name of God irreverently. The old chief of the armics exhibited surprise at the utter disregard of the sense of propriety, and administered a rebuke in that calmness of mind which characterized all his sayings, "I thought that we all considered ourselves gentlemen." In the view of the great illustrious warrior, his guard officers, in the field and in the tent, violated one of the noblest principles, which enter into human character. By his inconsiderate words he stained the glory of real human greatness. By his soul breath he soiled one of the golden cords, which are designed of heaven to bind the inferior to his superior, the ignorant to the learned, the unwise to the wise, the weak to the strong, the dependent to the independent. A person is not rebuked merely by others for his irreverence for the name of the Great King of Kings. He is rebuked by himself for this violation of a most solemn and sacred duty. He needs no accuser. For he is an accuser of himself. He feels the oppressive force of the wrong inflicted. He cannot look upward to heaven, but fixes his gaze upon the earth. He resembles the child that flies from the presence of its parents, whose name it has dishonored by its rude language. He possesses somewhat the feeling experienced by certain individuals, anciently, who said, "Let man speak to us and we will hear; but let not God speak to us lest we die." He cannot meet his God face to face. In no wise can he approach and commune with the most benevolent and glorious of all beings. His thought of dishonoring his name overcomes his fortitude and makes him timid. Does his Creator approach him, he recoils and justly deems himself vanquished. He is fully aware of having curtailed the gigantic power of true manliness by speaking reproachfully of Him who only can inspire the timid with true fortitude, and impart strength to the weak. He has not confidence in himself as an intelligent and moral being. If you would become the true man, You must reverence the name of God. And your reverence for it must not be as a mere empty sound, or the mere expression of the lips which at best is only vain hypocrisy. But it must be the reverence of the heart, pure, sincere feeling. For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. In all your intercourse with your fellow associates, both in hours of mental calmness and in periods of undue excitement, never vainly call God to bear witness to anything, which you may either say or do, nor imprecate his cause upon other people. But in all your allusions to him, fully recognize him as a Being of awful majesty, who is infinitely worthy to be treated with the profoundest reverence by every intelligent, and moral creature. Exhibit this implicit deference to his great name not merely for the sake of influence upon others, not merely to appear comely and dignified in the views of exalted spirits, who cheerfully cast their crown at the feet of the great "I AM," but because the principle is both preeminently right and ab-

olutely essential for a complete, perfect human character, one that will shine with unobscured glory, amid the angelic throng, and be indissolubly happy with all the just made perfect.

AN ICE FRESHET.

When one looks upon the Kennebec river in its usual quiet state—when its waters are low, clear and manageable—when the children are sailing their little boats, or paddling about in skiffs or upon frail rafts of drift-wood—when the cattle, wading to its bed, stand whipping the flies from their sides—when men are seen putting dashboards upon the dam for an increase of power, or when the low, quiet Nature is listening to that lower note in her scale of music, as the silver, transparent stream falls gently over some ledge, or ripples its way among the rocks—when all is peace, gentleness and beauty,—then it is impossible to realize what that river is when in the majesty of her power. When the rain falls, and the snow melts, and the water is thick with mud, and covered with logs, drift and wreck, and moves on with the irresistible power that no man can stay, then all stand aghast, feeling that their "thing of beauty" and usefulness has become a monster of ugliness and power, and may do terrible work. Is it possible that that mysterious, fearful rushing sound is the same note that was so pleasant and soothing when all was peaceful? Ay, the very same, but then it was the voice of peace, gentleness and love—now, it is the voice of wrath; the giant is roused—he will not be trifled with—he may overwhelm both friend and foe.

But would you see, hear, and feel the full majesty and power of the Kennebec, you must look upon her during a winter ice freshet. I cannot better describe it than by narrating one night's adventure in such a freshet. It may also be of service as a matter of record—for the present width of the dam, across the river, may prevent forever the occurrence of so wild a scene.

The winter of 1858-9 had been severely cold; the ice was two feet thick, and solid as granite. About six inches of snow covered the hard frozen ground. In January occurred a sudden thaw, with a severe gale and rain from the southeast. The rain commenced at noon on Saturday, and by 9 o'clock P. M. the snow was all melted, and as the ground was frozen, it all ran into the river. By 6 o'clock P. M. on Sunday, the river gave unmistakable signs of a row. It was rising rapidly—growing and its surge as if with suppressed rage. There were two schooners, of about one hundred tons each, lying at winter quarters at the wharf, of which my self and a young man had the charge. There was but little ice between the bridge and the dam—between the bridge and the vessel, a distance of about forty rods, it was a solid sheet. Our hope was, that the ice would not come from shore the dam—that we could hold the vessels at the wharf while the ice between them and the bridge was passing by, which we might do if it broke up into small cakes. We first passed cables round the masts of both vessels, thus binding them securely together. We then took an anchor and dropped the fluke over the upper cap-sill of the wharf. By the time this was done, the water had risen to the top of the wharf. The ice had begun to break up; first, a large sheet, perhaps half an acre, burst up in the centre of the river and floated upon the top of the other ice; then it would sink, and the current would catch the upper edge, break off large pieces and twist them under, and might hear them grinding along beneath, or see them suddenly thrust themselves up through the ice. Now a large mass would start, crowd itself a short distance and stop; then, in some unexpected direction, it would move again. Suddenly the whole mass moved off together. Our chains parted like burnt flax. There were four of us on board the two vessels. One man jumped out upon the ice, and after a perilous run of two miles, succeeded in reaching the shore. It was now about 9 o'clock—a bright full moon, and the weather as mild as May. It was a wild, grand scene, and, at present, there was but little danger. Our chance was, that the main body of the ice would pass us and that we might be able to anchor in clear water. We soon found an opportunity to drop an anchor though the open ice under our bows, and by giving short scope of chain, we snubbed the vessels gradually clear of the ice. We succeeded in doing this just as the mass stopped about a mile from the wharf. We were just ready to give three cheers as the vessels swung into clear water, when our voices—ay, our very hearts, were arrested by a fearful sound. I can only liken it to the noise of an earthquake—crashing, grinding and breaking eve-

rything. It was the ice coming over the dam. On it came, striking in its course a solid granite pier some twenty feet square formed of stones dovetailed together with bolts and wrapped with large bars of iron. This it crushed as if it had been an eggshell. As it came over it shook the earth, and the people fled in terror from the shores. Whatever was before it went down like grass before the mower. The chain snapped like a pipe stem, and we were borne down upon the stationary mass of ice below. To be ground to splinters seemed inevitable. The convex form of the vessels, and the two fastened together, was our salvation. As the two masses came together, we slid up on the ice. The concussion was fearful. Soon a jam was formed, which made a dam across and to the bottom of the river. In less than an hour the river arose about fifteen feet. Then the jam gave way and the whole mass moved off—crashing, cracking and roaring. Large mill logs would be broken in two as if they were coals. As the ice would strike us, it would pass under, lifting us more and more every moment. When we came in sight of Hallowell the water had not risen to the top of the wharves, owing to the dam of ice above. We next brought up opposite Shepherd's wharf, in the lower part of Hallowell. The jam flowed out Hallowell, and in a few minutes the bells were ringing for fire. The time houses in the lower street were flooded. Soon the huge pile of ice, logs and drift, again started. As the water is deep and the shores high between Hallowell and Gardiner, we moved with fearful rapidity. Language is inadequate to describe the sights, the sounds, the terrible grandeur of that scene. Small buildings, boats, piles of lumber—everything was swept from the shores to be ground to splinters in that crushing stream of living ice—while a winnow of ice, twenty feet high, was piled upon each shore. As we passed Hallowell, a ship, just timbered out, was taken from her blocks, brought into the stream and crushed to pieces. A vessel was torn from her moorings and impaled in a tanking. At this point we went a long time of ice inserted it all between the bows of our vessels—the chains snapped, and they were washed apart. Soon they came to rest with a crash. They seemed endued with reason, and determined upon each other's destruction. Both homopitris, davits, rails and catheads were torn off or broken. In fact, the whole upper works of both vessels were a complete wreck. In ten minutes more they were separated by a half a mile of ice, and again stopped in a jam just below Gardiner. Now it was the turn of that city to be flooded out, and shortly the water rose to the level of the Cabotus House office floor.

I now told my young friend that I intended to try and reach the shore before the ice again started, for as the vessels were now separated they were very liable to be seized, in which event our destruction was sure. The distance to the shore was something more than one-fourth of a mile, one half of which was over piles of broken ice lying at every possible angle of inclination; then we would reach a large boom of logs frozen into the ice not yet much broken up. When we left the vessel her hull was not within ten feet of the water. As I slid down the side my companion followed close in my tracks. We were half way to the boom when the ice again started. Now commenced a struggle for life. Sometimes a large cake that we were upon, would begin to lift and torn over; by the time we were fairly upon another, one would be coming down upon us—we would dodge that, and get upon another. In this manner we worked our way to the boom. During this perilous passage, not a word was spoken but once. I heard the boy exclaim, "I am gone!" I looked, and he was just maintaining his balance upon a small cake that was tipping over. I caught him by the collar, and jerked him upon the cake with me. I was just in time to save him from a nip—as it was, a portion of his pantaloons were left between two cakes of ice. As we approached the shore, we found that our danger was not yet passed. This boom of ice and logs was being pressed against the shelving shore, forming a winnow twenty feet high, the ice and logs coming up and rolling back upon us. Our only chance now was to stick to the boom as long as it lasted, and then take the next best chance. We kept backing out as our level ice was being ground up, until we had not more than forty feet in width left when the ice stopped, and we clambered out over the winnow of broken ice and logs to the shore.—Maine Farmer.

The Machias river is clear of ice, and open to navigation.

EXPLOITS OF A LUNATIC. The Cleveland (Ohio) Herald says that a man named Wheedon, confined in the Northern Ohio Lunatic Asylum, has three times escaped from that institution despite utmost precautions of the keepers, and by very extraordinary means. Knowing that he was in danger of escaping, the officers stripped and searched him every night, to prevent his secreting any instruments. About two weeks ago he took a set of false teeth out of his mouth, and contrived with them to saw a hole through the floor of his chamber, through which he dropped and escaped from the house. Being captured and carried back, he a few days after secreted a pin, and with that instrument managed to pick the lock of his door and escape into the hall, where he was caught. On Saturday night he secreted a small brass ring, split at one part, in his hair, and with that during the night cut through the window sash and shutter, so as to enable him to remove them from the window. He then made a rope of his bed clothes, and got so far away that he was not overtaken till Sunday afternoon. He was very quiet when arrested, and made no resistance to being taken back.

G. T. Railroad
Portland District.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
Commencing Nov. 28, 1859.

Trains leave daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows:—
Leave Portland for Island Pond and Waterville, at 7:35 A. M. and 1:15 P. M.
Leave Island Pond for Portland, at 7:30 A. M. and 1:30 P. M.
Leave Bethel for Portland, at 10:30 A. M.
Leave Bethel for Island Pond, at 4:30 P. M.
S. T. CORSE, Superintendent.

NOTICE.
All persons indebted to the subscriber or subscription to the BETHEL COURIER for the last year, are requested to make immediate payment. JAS. NUTTING, Bethel, Nov. 25, 1859.
Corn, Beans, Wheat Flue, and all other kinds of Country Produce wanted in payment for the Courier.

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20 TONS at
PARIS FLOUR MILLS.
WOODMAN, PHELPS & CO.
So. Paris, Oct. 20, '59.

ISLAND POND HOTEL,
Island Pond, Vt.
Through Trains done here.
Way Trains remain over night.
Porters in attendance to convey baggage to the house FREE OF CHARGE.
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SAMUEL B. LOCK.
West Paris, Feb. 6, 1860.

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THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE
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They have made extensive additions to their buildings, and are now prepared to furnish
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All of which will be sold at lowest prices.
WOODMAN, PHELPS & CO.
South Paris, Oct. 20, 1859. 3m6.

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WM. T. BROWN
Bethel, Jan. 20, 1860.

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VOL. 2.

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P. T. TRUE, Editor.
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